

Washing machine, space age dream  
Let me serve you, keep me clean  
Rinse me plain, spin me sane  
I'll trust my dirt to only you

Automobile, see me kneel  
I'll scrub your back, I'll buy your meal  
I'll choke your start, I'll warm your heart  
I'll dream of dying just with you  
See me wish from 8 to all day long  
Got no time, not inclined to hum a song  
Just like a robot waiting for a fuse  
I'm too crazy to even have the blues

Instant, instant, instant poetry  
Too hot, to be continued next week  
Instant, instant, instant poetry  
Too slow, too slow, to be tongue-in-cheek

TV syndrome, holy custom  
Millions squeeze you to their bosom  
You're always welcome, drive out boredom  
You're one eye's all the art we need  
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